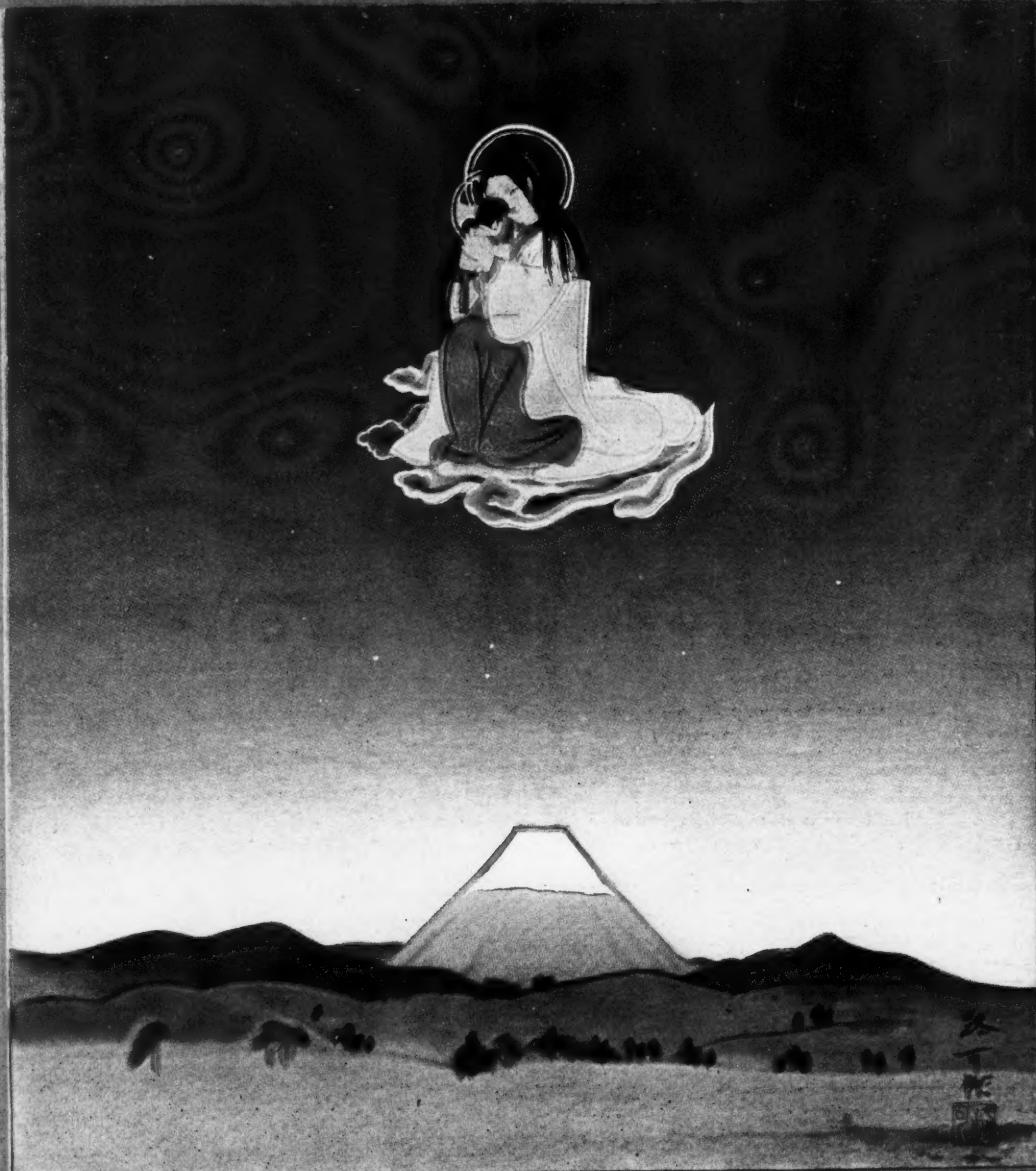


THE FIELD AHEAD

MARYKNOLL 



STELLA MATUTINA

VOL - XXX
NUMBER - 9

JAPAN NUMBER

OCTOBER
1936

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The Field Afar—the Magazine of Maryknoll

THIS paper is the organ of the Society at home and abroad. It is issued monthly except in the summer when a special enlarged July-August number is published.

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THE FIELD AFAR is indexed in *The Catholic Periodical Index*, to be found in public libraries.

The Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America

Most Reverend James Edward Walsh, M.M., Superior General

Established by action of the United States Hierarchy, assembled at Washington, April 27, 1911.

Authorized by His Holiness Pius X, at Rome, June 29, 1911. Final Approval by Pope Pius XI, May 7, 1930.

"Maryknoll", in honor of the Queen of Apostles, has become the popular designation of the Society.

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Father Byrne's Altar In Pure Japanese Style, The Work Of A Native Non-Catholic Shrine Builder, Has Been Greatly Admired By The Japanese Themselves. A Description Of Its Magnificent Oriental Coloring Will Be Found On The Editorial Pages Of This Issue.



THE FIELD AFAR

OCTOBER, 1936



The Maryknoll Mission In Japan

By the Very Reverend Patrick J. Byrne, M.M., of Washington, D. C., Superior of our Maryknollers



THE MARYKNOLL LINE-UP IN THE LAND OF THE RISING SUN, WITH THEIR RETREAT MASTER, BISHOP ROSS, S.J., OF OKAYAMA

Father J. Joseph Daly, of Worcester, Mass. (first at left), Father Clarence J. Witte, of Centerville, Ind., Father William V. Whitlow, of New York, N. Y., Father Patrick J. Byrne, of Washington, D. C., Father William M. Mackesy, of Lynn, Mass., Bishop Ross, Father Clement P. Boesflug, of Bismarck, N. D., Father Michael J. McKillop, of Brooklyn, N. Y., Father Everett F. Briggs, of Boston, Mass., and Brother Clement Hansan, of St. Mary's, Kansas



N your way to the Eucharistic Congress in Manila, you will perhaps not be reluctant, after crossing the Pacific, to get back on terra cotta again, and to go overland by train from Tokio to your next port of departure, Kobe. This will

not only allow an excellent opportunity of seeing Japanese rural life as it is lived, but will also bestow upon you the rare privilege of passing through the Maryknoll mission field. It is a beautiful land.

You can tell it by the water. Six hours after leaving Tokio you will behold, not a mirage, but the exquisite blue-green sheen of the largest lake in Japan, Biwa, placed here ages and ages ago just to be

the opalescent jewel in the ring of the Maryknoll Mission. Imagine!

Around Lake Biwa—

For more than an hour your train will glide along the shores of this enchanting spread of H₂O and if your eye be keen who knows but you may discern some intrepid Maryknoller challenging the elements, perhaps being shipwrecked with only one oar, maybe just fishing. This much is certain, we

THE PEOPLE OF JAPAN ARE VERY DEAR TO ME. — ST. FRANCIS XAVIER.

THE FIELD AFAR

OCTOBER, 1936



LAKE BIWA, THE LARGEST LAKE IN JAPAN, "PLACED THERE AGES AND AGES AGO JUST TO BE THE OPALESCENT JEWEL IN THE RING OF THE MARYKNOLL MISSION"

have 300 square miles of handy water to baptize them with, if we can only find the converts.

Around this lake which is the joy of our declining years, we have 1,300 square miles of shore for the decline. And on this shore live three quarters of a million of the world's best farmers and the world's most hospitable souls.

So attractive is this section of Japan that it allured the Jesuits here to build the first Catholic seminary in the country. This was before most of you were born, being in the last quarter of the sixteenth century, but at that time there seemed to be dawning a rapid golden age in the Catholicity of Japan. Too rapid! thought some of the potent



HIS EXCELLENCY ARCHBISHOP PAUL MARELLA, APOSTOLIC DELEGATE TO JAPAN, AND REV. DOCTOR TOTSUKA, A PROMINENT JAPANESE PRIEST AND PHYSICIAN, VISIT THE MARYKNOLL CENTER HOUSE IN JAPAN. BEGINNING ON THE LEFT WITH BROTHER CLEMENT THE GATHERING INCLUDES FATHER BYRNE, FATHER HAROLD J. FEISCHER, M.M., OF MILWAUKEE, WIS., SECRETARY TO THE DELEGATE, ARCHBISHOP MARELLA, FATHER TOTSUKA, AND FATHER WITTE

ones, and then came the persecutions that all but wiped out Catholicity in Japan; that did in fact exterminate it utterly in this section of the country, adjacent to the then national capital, Kyoto, and the very center of the state religions, Buddhism and Shintoism.

The County of Shiga—

Still today the most deeply religious district of all Japan, this county of Shiga has temples and shrines to the number of 5,954, with an even greater number of resident Buddhist and Shinto priests. In addition, the religious census of the province is embellished with the names of ten Maryknollers. So few? Well, what of it! A missioner is only a pipe, for the grace of God. Now if they don't get clogged, ten pipes can do a heap of irrigatin'.

Shortly before the coming of the Maryknoll Fathers last summer, a Shiga Catholic census was taken up by the veteran French missioner, Père Hutte, pastor of the nearby city of Kyoto. Here and there in Shiga he found some Catholic families, most of them scattered remnants from the "Catholic diocese" of Nagasaki. Small as was the number, subsequent departures reduced it even more, so that when the Maryknollers arrived the actual registration was 74.

A Central Roof

AT this critical point in last summer's history, seven Maryknollers rolled into Otsu, the capital of Shiga, to begin mission work under the jurisdiction of His Excellency, the Most Reverend Jean Baptiste Castanier, Bishop of Osaka, the "Pittsburgh of Japan". Bishop Castanier had most cordially welcomed the Maryknoll Fathers to this part of Japan, and it was with the consciousness of his benediction, and the confidence of brotherly guidance and help from his missioners, that we came to work for the Master in this corner of the vineyard that had been so long in our hearts.

The first and most urgent need was a roof, a central roof, from which the doughty apostles could sally forth on the quest for souls. Even before searching for a parish site, the future pastor must have some place to stand his telescope. And by the same token, there

THE JAPANESE CHARACTER IS WON BY

must needs be a nest, wherein newcome missionaries may hatch out a language egg or two. For until a missioner knows the language, he is a sort of deaf-mute. Perhaps he might be a Trappist, but he couldn't belong to the Order of Preachers. True, he could preach by example, but suppose the natives didn't recognize the figures!

At any rate, we were in the market for a big house, as bigness goes in these parts, and a big house in rural Japan puts a considerable strain upon one's Guardian Angel. However, Maryknoll's was fully equal to the occasion, and discovered for us the only one in the whole county, with a room for everybody, and a glorious view upon the lake to alleviate if necessary "that tired feeling" that comes at times to relieve the monotony of life.

Best of all, the price was cheap; eight dollars per month per denizen. Strangest of all, the place had been empty for years. Worst of all, because the former owner had committed suicide. We have not inquired in which room. I personally am quite convinced it was in one of the other Fathers', but I wouldn't want to make them uneasy!

Having duly encamped, bag and baggage, the next chapter called for attention to the Catholic immigrants in this part of the country. With only two cities in the whole county, it was obvious that there should be located our first basilicas.

Otsu's Converted Restaurant

OTSU, the capital, on the southern shore of Lake Biwa (and a quasi suburb of the ancient capital of Japan, Kyoto), has a population of 73,000.

Here, after scouring the streets with restless feet and eagle eye for many a weary day, Father Everett Briggs finally made a convert. It was neither man, nor woman, nor child. It was a restaurant, a two-story restaurant. He converted the first floor kitchen into a lecture hall and meeting place for the Christians; and he converted the second floor into a very attractive chapel. Hard by is his fourth-dimensional rectory. That is to say, it has none of the other three. However, he uses only condensed milk, and backs out before trying to turn around, so it does very well.

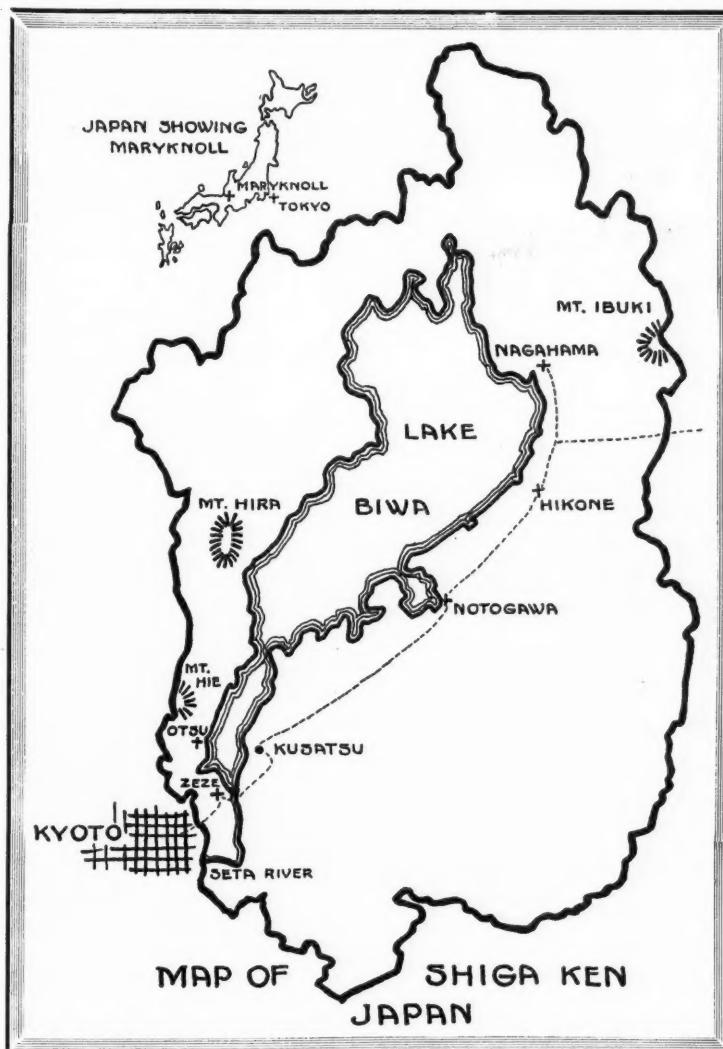
Reclaiming Strayed Catholics—

The pastor of Otsu has devoted his initial energies almost entirely to reclaiming those who in the long course of years without a priest have strayed from the fold. The number of Christians has already grown from 44 on the diocesan records to 84.

As an instance of the sympathetic and helpful attitude of the Christians,

he recently had a spontaneous offer from one of his congregation, a poor laboring man, to donate 300 yen (about 150 dollars), and a teacher for one year, towards the establishing of a kindergarten.

Likewise as a means of making contacts, the pastor has been giving English lectures in the local commercial college. While no actual propaganda



SHIGA KEN, OR COUNTY, WHERE THE PIONEER MARYKNOLL MISSIONERS IN JAPAN ARE AT WORK, HAS ALMOST 6,000 BUDDHIST AND SHINTO SHRINES. ITS SIZE MAY BE GAUGED BY THE DISTANCE BETWEEN OTSU AND KUSATSU, SIX AND A HALF MILES. THE DOTTED LINE REPRESENTS THE RAILWAY, AND THE CROSSES INDICATE WHERE THE MARYKNOLLERS LABOR.

would be expected, nevertheless such a contact with college boys should play its part in helping to establish cordial relations with all.

Catholic societies in the parish are striving to make the Faith better known, while an open forum directed by the pastor, on Friday evenings, has struck quite an enthusiastic note.

What's more, the rent was miraculously low too. This property affords accommodation for a good-sized chapel, in the main baronial hall; a meeting place and lecture room in the grand salon of the knights; and incidentally makes full provision for the needs of a rectory. Should certain contingencies, such as the little matter of a bit of

quested that their children be taught the catechism, and the classes held two or three times a week now count seventy, the limit of the hall.

Helpful Contacts—

A children's "Patriotic Dramatic Club", under the direction of a Catholic graduate of the Ueno Academy of



FATHER BRIGGS' "BASILICA" AT OTSU IS A "CONVERTED" RESTAURANT. THE FIRST FLOOR SERVES AS LECTURE AND SOCIAL HALL, AND THE SECOND FLOOR AS CHAPEL. THE PASTOR STANDS IN THE REAR AT THE RIGHT, WITH BROTHER CLEMENT LOOKING OVER HIS SHOULDER. IN THE FRONT ROW, MORE OR LESS HIDDEN BY THE LITTLE ONES, ARE FATHER MCKILLOP, FATHER BOESFLUG, FATHER WITTE, FATHER BYRNE AND FIVE MARYKNOLL SISTERS, TWO OF WHOM ARE JAPANESE. THE OCCASION WAS THE VISIT TO OTSU OF TWO MARYKNOLL SISTERS OF THE SOCIETY'S MISSION FOR JAPANESE IN LOS ANGELES, CALIF. THEIR TRIP TO JAPAN WAS SPONSORED BY THE KASHIN MAINICHI, A JAPANESE NEWSPAPER IN LOS ANGELES

Hikone's Castle Rectory

HIKONE, one hour by train to the north, is the next largest metropolis in Shiga, with a population of some 40,000. Father William Whitlow, using only the latest scientific instruments, here crowned a series of explorations with the amazing discovery of a medieval castle, completely modernized, and all ready for Catholics with a private lake full of Friday fish. Again, the Guardian Angel had worked the mira-

lucre, and so forth, eventuate, this property will be ample for a large-sized church and school. For these purposes there could be no more suitably located site in the entire town.

Owing to misunderstanding about the nature of our work, there was at first a trace of opposition, but contact with the neighbors speedily ended this, and in fact made the place so "popular", especially among the children, that they adopted it as their recreational center. In many cases, the parents have re-

Music, has more than a hundred members. (Nearly all of these are pagans.) On Christmas Eve they produced a Christmas play that packed the mission, and for the Missa Cantata that followed at midnight nearly a hundred of the pagans remained.

In addition to these helpful contacts, there is also a direct appeal being made to adults by the *Young Men's Society* and the *Catholic Ladies' Society*.

The number of Christians at the time of the opening of the Hikone mission,

as taken from the records, was 3—the members of one family. Further search, plus a few Baptisms, have brought the number to its present 23.

Both of these missions, that at Otsu and the one at Hikone, have been formally approved by the government authorities.

Nagahama, an industrial town, one hour by train north of Hikone, has a small group of Catholics. Accordingly a mission station was established here, and is receiving regular attention from the Hikone pastor.

Kindly Notogawa

(By its Maryknoll pastor, Father Joseph Daly, of Worcester, Mass.)

NOTOGAWA nestles under the hills in the northern section of Maryknoll's Mission in Japan. It nestles, however, on the wrong side of the hills, for they are south of the town, and fail to protect it from the nice cool breezes that sweep down from the Japanese Alps in zero weather. However, in summer time we make up for all that, and stock up on the calories.

When I came to Notogawa there were thirty-five Christians there, descendants of the Nagasaki martyrs, far from their native homes in the southern island of Japan. They had come to Notogawa for a living, and found it in the large silk factory here.

They gave me a gracious welcome, and we gathered at the home of one of them to talk it over. They were delighted at the announcement of our plans to found a little chapel, and until a more permanent arrangement could be made one of the number offered his own home for a Sunday chapel.

The following Sunday the Christians gathered again, this time to assist at the first Mass offered in Notogawa for three hundred years.

St. Francis Xavier must have rejoiced that the Church, ever renewing her life, was sending new missionaries as his successors in the fields of his glorious labors. There is little doubt that Christians lived in Notogawa in the days of the great Apostle.

A Search Rewarded—

As there was never any Protestant church of any sort in Notogawa, Chris-

tianity today is practically unknown to the townspeople at large, but a kindly welcome was extended by the officials, and permission readily granted for the holding of regular services for the little group of Catholics.

Just as we go to press, our anxious search for a suitable church building has been rewarded. An enterprising and perhaps inspired realtor erected the very building that was needed, and that right in the center of the Christian community. Again, the rent is very reasonable. The Maryknollers have been blessed most opportunely, in these first months of "staking out claims", and the Providence that tempers the wind to the shorn lamb has repeatedly intervened to remove difficulties and make straight the path. The latest blessing

to rejoice the hearts of the padre and his flock is the gift of a complete chapel equipment from an American benefactor.

Koreans of Shiga County

As there are several hundreds of Koreans in the county of Shiga, it seemed wise to make a comprehensive survey to ascertain whether there were any Catholics among them. Accordingly a Korean catechist, from Peng Yang, Korea, was engaged to canvass the entire region.

Letters of inquiry as to their faith, or their knowledge of any Korean Catholic, have been printed by hundreds, and are being distributed by the catechist in a house-to-house canvass of the Korean sections of cities and towns.



FATHER WHITLOW AND HIS "AMAZING DISCOVERY" AT HIKONE, SECOND LARGEST METROPOLIS IN SHIGA COUNTY. THE HIKONE "CASTLE RECTORY" HAS ON ITS GROUNDS EVEN A PRIVATE LAKE, FULL OF FRIDAY FISH.

A few Catholics have already been thus located, which brings the hope of more. Even if no great number be discovered, this canvassing will serve as an introduction to resident Koreans, and it will warrant the confidence that no Catholic is being neglected.

Apostolic Partners Needed for the Founding of a Tuberculosis Sanatorium

ONE cannot expect an appreciation of supernatural motives from those strangers to the very term, and consequently more tangible reasons must be presented to win good will and to explain our coming. Works of mercy here come to the fore. It became immediately obvious, upon our initial conversations with the authorities, that no social work would make us more welcome than the foundation of a sanatorium for tuberculosis sufferers. Though this disease is rampant here, as elsewhere throughout Japan, only a limited and inadequate provision has thus far been made to check it.

This sanatorium business involves three steps: first, buying the land; second, erecting the building; and third, running it. Fortunately they come in a procession, not abreast. So we had no worry at all about the building, or who would run the affair. We just forgot those problems, and when they peeked over the fence we turned the other cheek.

But we were losing sleep, in fact we were beginning to run around in ever-widening circles, and that's a bad sign, over the land problem. What ho! Again our Guardian Angel to the rescue. (We keep him busy, but he hasn't failed our Mission yet.) This time he brought us the acquaintance and services of a true Christian gentleman, who has proved an invaluable friend.

Mr. Kitagawa Solves Problem Number One—

We are convinced that Mr. Kitagawa is "easily first" among teachers of the Japanese language.

Likewise in dealing with the authorities he has been most helpful to us, for his remarkable command of English (self-acquired) enables him to comprehend instantly our side of the subject,

while his lifelong residence in these parts, and the posts of honor and responsibility that he has filled, assure him ample prestige with the powers-that-be.

It was to Mr. Kitagawa that we therefore turned to solve the sanatorium-site problem for us, and he solved it promptly and well. We are now the proud fathers of a three acre farm, beautifully and healthfully situated, and possessing the valuable double-asset of privacy-with-accessibility. It cost us \$2,200. Considering prices in modern Japan, this calls for a *Te Deum!*



'CHARLIE' AND HIS PAL, THE WHITE RABBIT, IN THEIR AL FRESCO REFECTIONY

Steps No. 2 and 3—

It likewise brings up aforesaid steps No. 2 and No. 3, about the building, and the ones to run it. No. 3 was promptly wiped off the slate—for the Maryknoll Sisters straightway accepted this sublime privilege and endless worry, thereby guaranteeing to the Shiga institution the best in modern therapeutics, for the Sisters are specializing therein at their California sanatorium.

This leaves us with *only* step No. 2 to be taken; we have *only* to put up a modern sanatorium, and the whole job is finished.

We, alas, can work no miracles. Nevertheless a miracle is possible, from YOU. A tuberculosis sanatorium, for those who are poor in health and in purse, for those numbers who are in

wretched misery only for lack of some skilled attention, would be indeed a "miracle" that could not fail to win hearts and touch souls, to whom the charity of Christ is now unknown. Even "widow's mites", in sufficient number, could work this miracle!

Ideals Tied to Brick and Mortar—

The Sisters at Maryknoll are ready. More than that, they are eager to devote their entire lives to this purpose. What a pity that ideals must be tied to brick and mortar! Still, bricks and mortar can in their turn be glorified, as they assuredly are in a refuge for the suffering brothers of Christ. Whatsoever we do for these afflicted ones, we do for Him!

They do say that it is more blessed to give than to receive. It is surely more blessed to give than to beg. If our importunities have too insistent a tone, be indulgent. Remember, that we are only trying to be about Our Father's Business.

The Language School (Appendix)



If we could only say what we really think, about that Tower of Babel! And yet, a foreign missionary naturally expects a few breakers ahead when he says "Good-Bye" to

Uncle Sam, stands up in the prow of the boat, and realizes for the first time just how Marco Polo and Admiral Byrd felt when sallying forth to face the great unknown.

Be still! This is not a complaint, merely a reverie. Had we no burden at all, so would there be no blessing at all. Japanese is indeed difficult, but think of the poor folks that have to tackle Chinese and Korean!

A Shiga Garden of Eden—

Our Shiga Mission Language School is on the shore of the beauteous Lake Biwa, and in the finest reproduction to date of the Garden of Eden. Conveniently located, it has the even greater advantage of absolute quiet and priv-

acy. Our Guardian Angel brought us here.

The first citizen of the institution, and the mascot, is as one would expect a parrot. Being a magnificent white fellow, we call him "the Dominican", and as he is a clever talker he is yclept "Charlie". Charlie has taken to hobnobbing with a white rabbit, and the marvel

to the n-th degree that innate "flair" for teaching that marks only the elect.

Every week day, from 9 to 2, he keeps things and us humming. At the end we are barely able to stagger away to the ambulance, but the professor is just getting his second wind, and fresher than ever.

ed volume of sermons, and likewise does parochial work in nearby parishes.

That Monumental Task—

When you come over, on your tour of the world, we'll be able to supply you a guide whose fluency in Japanese will startle even himself; and unless you're on your guard, so contagious is



MR. KITAGAWA (RIGHT), LANGUAGE TEACHER OF OUR JAPANKNOLLERS, AND HIS INTERESTING FAMILY
Mr. Kitagawa, the retired principal of a Government Commercial College, is highly esteemed throughout the countryside. A true Christian gentleman and a peerless language teacher, he has proved an invaluable friend to Maryknoll-in-Japan

of this friendship brings all the urchins of the neighborhood to gaze in awe.

The Language Teacher—

Our language teacher, Mr. Kitagawa, the retired principal of a Government Commercial College, is highly esteemed throughout the countryside. We are indeed fortunate to have him, for not only does he ken to perfection his own grammar and syntax, with fluent English on tap whenever needed, but he has

His Star Pupils—

The radiant luminaries of the School are Father McKillop, Father Witte, and Brother Clement. The first two were covering themselves with glory in the translation of St. Luke, when lo, Brother Clement up and wrote a Japanese letter all by himself, and so took the strawberry shortcake.

The Dean of the Language School, Father Clement Boesflug, is specializing in the production of a greatly need-

the atmosphere around here, you'll find yourself saying, "*Ohio Gozaimas*", instead of, "Good morning".

Seriously, when you drop in for a little visit to the church and pray for missionaries in the distant field, does it occur to you to ask Our Lady, the Queen of the Apostles, to help them with the language . . . the monumental task that greets them as soon as they reach the field, be it China or Korea or Japan?

Zeze Zoo

By Father Clarence Witte, of Centerville, Ind., Maryknoll missioner in Japan



'CHARLIE, THE DOMINICAN', MASCOT OF THE ZEZE LANGUAGE SCHOOL, ENJOYS HIS FAVORITE PERCH, THE SLEEVE OF FATHER BYRNE'S CASSOCK

SOMEONE has said that animals are the funny papers God has given us in nature. Certainly, they do give us many a laugh; and like the colored pages of the Sunday editions the liveliness of animals is a special attraction to children, in Japan no less than elsewhere. Our modest zoo has done much to acquaint the neighborhood kiddies with Maryknoll-in-Zeze.

Monkey "Shines"—

Chief attraction, perhaps because so much like ourselves, though infinitely more amusing, has been the monkeys. At one time we had three of them: "Johnny", the "Philosopher", and the "Baby". But they didn't get along so well together. The old "Philosopher" apparently got to thinking out some too abstruse problem of monkey existence, maybe working out a system to convince evolutionists that they're all wet. Anyway, he became moody. "Johnny" literally got all wet himself, and that finished him. Such a reminder of the jungle really took him back to jungle

mode of life.

Then the little fellow was left all alone. That wouldn't do at all. For mutual companionship I brought him to my room. But that was worse—at least for me. The little fellow turned to every imaginable mischief. Up on my desk he hopped, then down went things he didn't like, ink bottles, fountain pens, and so forth. And, of course, he took a great fancy to forbidden fruit. Even monkeys must have some taint of original sin. It was apparent that I'd never learn any Japanese with a monkey in my room—more than one; I feel like climbing the walls myself after a few hours of J. L.

"The Dominican"—

Next attraction is "the Dominican"—all due apologies for the name. This handsome fellow, a snow white parrot, eats anything from lemons to tobacco. He is admired and petted as much as is good for any decent bird.

Since a breath-taking scare at the claws of a village hawk in his first freedom from his cage "the Dominican" keeps well to his cell, scarcely venturing further than a perch above his prison bars; he is hardly ever shut in. His friend, the "Green Parrot", flew the coup when the freedom experiment was tried on him.

Circus Performers—

Sometimes we have a circus too, though we have no control over the performances, nor even the performers.

The best I've seen was the "*Dog and Crow Show*". The bird picked out a couple of tree tips with good distance and clear ground between. Then back and forth she went, with a swoop to the ground, to the great annoyance of the dog whose every attempt to taste crow meat proved fruitless. Back and forth the bird went, with a merry "caw, caw", before and after each descent; and so long did the fun last as to seem actually an endurance test.

"Quick, Henry, the Flit!"—

Other animals we have too, even to lizards to catch our flies and moths. But we are so ungrateful as not to like lizards in our rooms, and it's a merry chase when one does find his way in.

Most plentiful of all is a "beast" worthy only of extermination; vor-

AS FAR BACK AS I CAN REMEMBER, JAPAN HAS BEEN

cious and carnivorous as he is. But try to kill these pests off. They propagate most prolifically. And the shores of Lake Biwa seem to be their special habitat. Thank the Lord, their siege lasts but a few months. "Quick, Henry, the Flit!"—they're only mosquitoes, but —My, what whoppers!

A Start

By Brother Clement Hansan, M.M.,
of St. Mary's, Kansas

OUR dispensary blossomed out to a humble beginning this week. Of course it wasn't with a gala display that would impress all Otsu (our adopted home), nevertheless for one small box of bandages plus zinc oxide salve that some one had thoughtfully inserted in the mission box when we were coming over last year, it was a hopeful beginning.

Three boys, ages nine to eleven, were the visitors—one of them carrying an ugly looking sore on his leg. Mustering up courage they ventured to ask, as a means of getting acquainted, if the Americans and the Japanese were not good friends. Although I sensed that they knew the answer, yet I assured them of our love for these wonderful people, and immediately we became fast friends.

It shortly became evident that the real motive which brought them to the Mission was a desire to learn English, truly a great ambition for children so young, but in keeping with the energetic spirit of the Japanese. Straightway we proceeded to hold an English class, informal though it was, and the boys quickly learned a few words, enough at least to satisfy a boy's craving for study, enough for the day.

But meanwhile, the painful looking sore on one youngster's leg brought to mind our (one and only) box of bandages, and, without delay, first aid was administered. During the wrapping up process, the boys were interested, and the patient was grateful; and as they stayed on telling of other

ailments of members of their families, each was given a supply from the box to take home.

As a boy always carries his impressions to mother, there's no doubt but that the story was told at the various dinner tables that night, "Of the Americans who are friends of the Japanese". And, "Mother," one might also have heard, "they have a church too, it's called the *Ten Shu Kyokkai*, the 'Heaven's Lord Church'."



BOOKS AND BOOKLETS

The Life of Mother St. Urban—

In this inspiring biography the Reverend Thomas David Williams presents to us the daily life of a Sister of Bon Secours, as lived by one who passed to her eternal reward in 1933, after fifty years consecrated to the service of God and suffering humanity. Published by John Murphy Company, Baltimore, Md. Price \$2.00.

Another Fisher of Men—

The appealing story of Peter Noyen, S.V.D., by Charles G. Erb, S.V.D. Published by The Mission Press, Techny, Ill. Price 10¢.



GAILY CLAD NEIGHBORS OF THE MARYKNOLL CENTER HOUSE AT ZEZE, A SUBURB OF OTSU

An Interesting Committee

By its Secretary, Mr. Kyugoro Obata



BARON Y. SAKATANI OF TOKIO, JAPANESE REPRESENTATIVE OF THE COUNCIL OF THE JAPANESE AMERICAN RELATIONS COMMITTEE. THE AMERICAN REPRESENTATIVE IS MR. WALLACE M. ALEXANDER, OF SAN FRANCISCO

THE Japanese American Relations Committee was organized in Tokio, in February, 1916, soon after the return of Viscount Shibusawa from his third trip to the United States of

America.

In the year 1915, the Panama Memorial Exposition was held in San Francisco, and the Viscount attended it, representing the Federated Chambers of Commerce of Japan. As the European Nations were involved in the great World

War, it was hardly possible for the authorities of the Exposition to obtain a support from that side of the Atlantic. Consequently they counted on the Orient.

Japan had already cast her lot with the Allied Army in the summer of 1914, and the mind of the entire nation was absorbed in the War. This condition dampened her enthusiasm for the Exposition. There was another cause which made the Japanese people less enthusiastic over the Exposition, and it was their memory of the anti-Japanese movement in California in 1913.

Viscount Shibusawa sized up the situation and took the stand that such was the very time to demonstrate the genuine friendliness of Japan to America. So he urged business men of Japan to show their interest in the Exposition, and to contribute to its success. This attitude of the Viscount proved most effective, because his presence at the Exposition and the Japanese exhibits were much appreciated by Mr. Moore, the President of the Exposition, and his colleagues.

One day during the Viscount's sojourn, Mr. Wallace M. Alexander, the then President of the Chamber of Commerce of San Francisco, and his close friends invited the Viscount and his party to luncheon to talk about the Japanese American question. Mr. Alexander proposed to the Viscount that it would be a good idea to organize a body of committee on both sides of the Pacific to promote a better understanding between the two countries. The Viscount was highly pleased with the proposition and promised Mr. Alexander to organize a committee immediately after his return to Japan. He returned at the close of 1915, and in February, 1916, he organized a committee, and named it the *Japanese American Relations Committee*. It was composed of the first class scholars, statesmen, and business men. The organization has no president, but

I HAVE HAD JAPANESE FRIENDS, MOST PRECIOUS FRIENDSHIPS,

functions immediately through an Executive Council. At present Baron Sakatani represents the Council.

From that day down to this, the *Japanese American Relations Committee* has endeavored to strengthen the friendly tie between the people of Japan and the people of America.

The object of the *Japanese American Relations Committee* is thus defined:

"The aim of the Organization shall be to bring about a better understanding between the people of Japan and the people of the United States of America, in order that friendly relations between them may permanently be maintained; and also to take such measures as necessary to solve any difficulty which may rise between them at any time." (Article I.)

The Fatal Question

By Father Michael McKillop,
M.M., of Brooklyn, N. Y.

NO, I hadn't seen them, but I was getting away with it. Nobody knew; my secret was safe; and I looked the whole world in the face, for I owed not any man to betray myself.

Yet even in my most cocksure moments a sudden dread would grip my heart and shiver my timbers, while the skeleton in my innermost closet would shake a warning bone at me and croak, "They'll get you yet—You haven't seem 'em—You'll have to tell—You'll have to tell!!!"

Alas for the false security of time. Months passed, but at last it happened, just as the skeleton had foretold.

Always before in my jaunts I had sought safety in the crowds. In the milling mob, eyes on horizon or feet, I had escaped the third degree, and the shameful revelation.

But this day it was rainy; the highway was deserted save for a solitary figure. Something warned me, but I heeded it not. The fig-

ure approached, and I recognized the deliberate instancy of our fish man. Nothing ever gets away from him, not even the fish in the lake. He gets them when and as he pleases. I knew I was undone; I tried to stall, but he would not be stalled.

"Good morning", says he.

"Good morning, indeed," says I, trying to be nonchalant without a Camel.

"Where are you going?" he continues; to follow it up with polite concern about my brothers and sisters, older or younger. . . . And whether I was married. . . .

My reply to this last surprised him, but it did not, as I had hoped, distract or deter him.

It came at last, and I hung my head in shame, whilst a terrific roaring filled my guilt-suffused ears. What avail now to explain I had reached Japan too late? What use to avow my firm purpose of amendment and excursion as soon as they came out again? . . . to protest what I knew only from hearsay? No, none of these could extenuate the fact or soften the self-reproach of my reluctant, "No", to his:

"And have you seen the cherry blossoms?"



FATHER JOSEPH DALY'S LITTLE FLOCK AT NOTOGAWA ARE DESCENDANTS OF THE GLORIOUS MARTYRS OF THE CHURCH'S EARLY HISTORY IN THE ISLAND EMPIRE

WHEREVER I HAVE GONE.—ARCHBISHOP MARELLA.

THE FIELD AFAR

OCTOBER, 1936

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**TO THOSE WHO LOVE GOD ALL THINGS
WORK TOGETHER FOR GOOD**



THIS is our mission magazine's first *Japan Number*, and he who founded THE FIELD AFAR and was its editor for almost thirty years, Maryknoll's late beloved Father in Christ, has not lived to see it.

It can truly be said however that, under God, it was he who made it possible. As early as 1920 our first Superior General undertook Maryknoll activities among Japanese of our Pacific Coast, and later urged work among Japanese residing in our Society's Missions of Korea and Manchukuo, as a preliminary to Maryknoll-in-Japan. And when, in 1933, a little band of Maryknollers began the study of the language in Tokio, as a preparation for active mission labors in the *Land of the Rising Sun*, his heart was glad.

Of Japan Bishop James Anthony Walsh wrote: "Cor ad cor loquitur—Heart to heart speak-

eth. It takes time to get to the heart of an alien people, and selfish interests, individual as well as national, will continue to retard the effort; but Christ's command to teach and baptize the nations, to preach the Gospel to every creature is clear, and we, His followers, will be charged with negligence if we fail to heed it."

**No lamp have I
by my couch where I lie,
but my window moon!**
—Japanese poem.

GRADUALLY throughout the Catholic world *Mission Sunday* is being observed in October, the year's great mission call to strengthen the *Propagation of the Faith*, at home and in pagan lands.

The idea of settling on one Sunday for the universal appeal is excellent. It emphasizes unity, illustrating the Communion of Saints, while it solves many practical difficulties.

**Oh, friends, keep away,
that alone I may worship
the blossoms all day!**
—Japanese poem.

THE Foreign Policy Association of New York has published a survey of Japan's trade with America that throws considerable light on a subject too often obscured by vague charges of unfair practices, constituting a "grave menace" to American producers.

It is an unbiased statement, by Americans, for America, and it is based not on ballyhoo but on facts and figures.

- It shows that:
- the advance of Japanese textiles in world markets is largely due to their up-to-the-minute machinery and unified marketing, in contrast with our own obsolete equipment and confused, overlapping market structure;
- Japanese workers are paid no lower than those of Italy and Poland;
- In many cases, counterfeiting of

American goods has originated with Americans themselves, who supplied to Japan samples for duplication;

—71% of Japanese imports to America are admitted free of duty as not competing with American goods. Of the remainder, only 8.2% offered any real competition to American manufacturers.

—In many instances this competition had no effect whatever on the domestic product. Where cause for complaint did exist, tariffs have been raised by the Tariff Commission.

In view of the facts that Japan is by far our best cotton customer, that her purchases from us are many times over ours from her, that we purchase from her only a fraction of what she buys from us, it is patently evident that the best of the argument, and the trade balance, is decidedly in America's favor; that we have everything to gain and nothing to lose by encouraging friendship and trade with our neighbor across the Pacific.

Let's be sensible about it, and when the jingoists and the radical labor element begin to fume, apply Al Smith's effective layer of bogies and, "Look at the record!"

**Like summer grasses
fades the fallen soldier's dream;
so all fame passes!**
—Japanese poem.

SOON after his arrival in Japan last year, Father Byrne, the Superior of our pioneer mission band in that country, supervised the construction of an altar in pure Japanese style by a non-Catholic shrine builder. The result is the beautiful work of art featured in the frontispiece of this month's issue.

The fact that the Japanese themselves view this altar with unveiled admiration serves as an incentive to Father Byrne in his ambition to develop in the Island Empire a genuinely native style of Catholic Church architecture

and ornamentation. Little as yet has been accomplished along these lines, although of late years Catholic artists of Japan have produced in the native style paintings which are a highly interesting interpretation of Catholic thought and sentiment.

Would that it were possible to reproduce for our readers the colors of Father Byrne's altar. The dominant note is "tahn", a color used on Japanese shrines 1,200 years ago. Imagine if you can an orange to which a tinge of red has given life and glory, and you have some faint conception of its beauty. This "tahn" is set off with gold leaf, green, white, and lettering of dark blue. A curtain of robin blue silk forms a background for this dream of an artist's soul.

The Tabernacle door is a reproduction of a famous temple entrance and the candlesticks have the form of ancient Buddhist pagodas—twelve stories for the twelve Apostles.

Picture electric lighting from the canopy falling through a paper-windowed grille on this oriental altar to the True God and—O well, you'll simply have to visit Maryknoll-in-Japan to get any true notion of it!

**O welcome coolness,
and through the rain a radiant
Sunset soft stealing!**

— Japanese poem.

A VISITOR to the Tokio Imperial Museum may chance upon an unexpected exhibit which cannot fail to arouse his interest and wonder. It is a collection of images of the Crucified Savior, His Blessed Mother, or His Saints, cast in brass, and all appearing to have been kept in wooden boxes of similar construction.

These are "*Jefumi*" or "*Figure-treading*" figures, used by officials from the beginning of the 17th down to the middle of the 19th century as a means of prov-

ing that Japanese Christians had denied their Faith. The ceremony was carried out yearly at Nagasaki and in certain other districts of Kiushu where the Catholic Religion had been strongly estab-

No one could look on these tragic images and remain unmoved. These are no mere art curios, but eloquent witnesses of the mortal anguish of thousands of human beings. But the worn



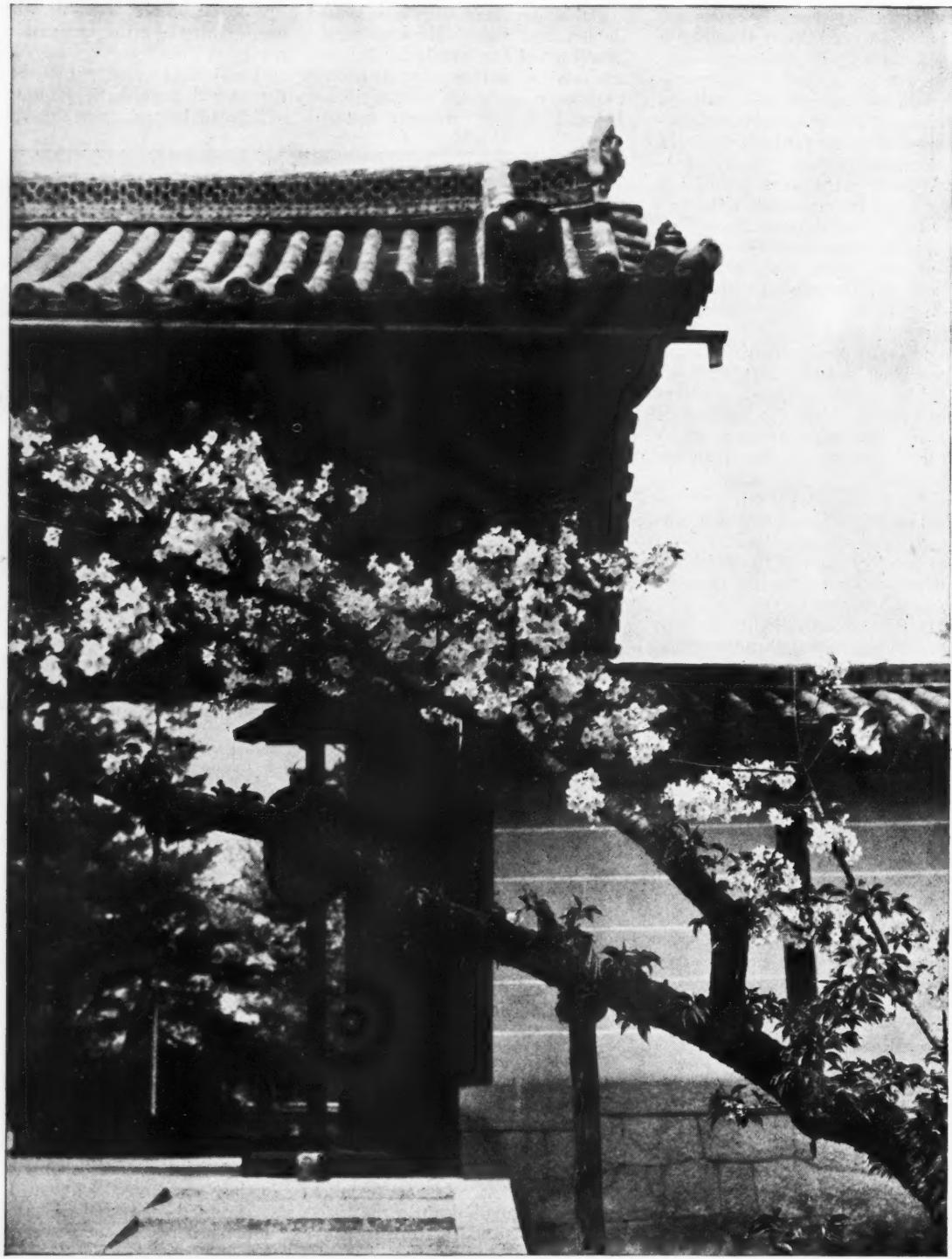
THIS WORN IMAGE OF THE SAVIOR WAS USED IN JAPAN, DURING THE CENTURIES OF PERSECUTION, FOR THE CEREMONY OF "*JEFUMI*", OR "*FIGURE-TREADING*". AN EXPLANATION OF "*JEFUMI*" IS GIVEN ON THESE PAGES

lished. Street officers entered each house in turn, the sacred image was removed from its box, and every member of the household was required to trample it.

In his "*Gulliver's Travels*", Jonathan Swift refers to the ceremony of trampling upon the Crucifix at Nagasaki.

images have also their message of victory, for there were among those heroic early Christians of Japan great numbers who endured death rather than tread on the sacred images and many who, having apostatized, returned to Christ and delivered themselves into the hands of the persecutors.

Japanese Vignettes—Fireflies, A Fishm



The Cherry Blossom Is the Symbol of "The Divine Nippon Spirit"

shmaid, and The Cherry Blossom Dance



HE Japanese are the most easily amused people in the world. They have the happy faculty of taking pleasure in small things.

I have seen half-a-dozen grown men, fathers of families, and men of education and refinement, turn out at night to hunt fireflies, and chant a little song which is

old, that is nine, as the Japanese are one year old the moment they appear in this troublesome world; and when I asked her to guess my age, after a long examination she said I was sixty!

Of course I pretended to be deeply hurt, and the little minx bubbled all over with laughter, and added that I was the "oji san", or grandfather, of the house. It was highly amusing.

I arrived home with whole soles!



LAST spring we went to see the dance for which Kyoto is famous and which takes place every April, the "*Miyako Odori*"—(*The Dance of The Ancient Capitol*). It is a kind of ballet which lasts about an hour, with several changes of scene which are produced automatically before the audience, without means of a cur-



"Less lofty summits vanish in the vaulted blue: Fuji rears her head alone in peerless brightness, like snow in dazzling whiteness!"—Empress Dowager Sadako

supposed to attract the insect, all with the most sincere enjoyment.

If civilization means adaptation to environment, the faculty of making the best of life and of rendering nature subject to one's needs, the Japanese certainly have it.



RECENTLY the fisherman's little daughter, whose home is across the way, came and sat on the window sill next to my study. For a quarter of an hour she was tongue-tied, but finally I managed to overcome her shyness, and then we had a great time.

She told me she was ten years

HER little brother took me for a walk one time, along the lake shore near our Center House. I was wearing Japanese clogs on my bare feet, and about a half a mile from home, the thong which passes between the big and second toe and holds the clog on, broke on my right clog; and as it is not possible to walk upon one only, I was obliged to shuffle back barefoot over very rough ground.

The youngster was tickled to death over the awkward "foreigner" and thought it was the finest joke he had ever seen. He simply shouted with laughter and offered to carry me on his back, as is the Japanese custom. However,

tain.

It is known to be the most beautiful dance in Japan, with a good deal of movement and very pretty play with fans and branches of cherry blossom.

Before the dance we were admitted to the *chanoyu*, or tea ceremony. We were each served with a large bowl of the tea which we grasped with two hands and drank in three sips and a half, according to rule. The tea is different from the ordinary kind and thick as cream, being made from powdered leaves.



The Man Who Carried The Cross

By Father William M. Mackesy, of Lynn, Mass., Maryknoll missioner in Japan



OMURA-SAN HEADS THE CORPUS CHRISTI PROCESSION AT THE SCHICHIRIGAHAMA TUBERCULOSIS HOSPITAL OF THE TOKIO ARCHDIOCESE WHERE FATHER MACKESY IS AT PRESENT GIVING CHAPLAIN SERVICE

ESPIRE the fact that the calendar told us we had entered the "nyubai", or season of continual rains, Sunday dawned bright and clear, and the pine-studded knoll overlooking the Pacific sparkled in the freshness of early June. The elements, too, were joining us in declaring the glories of the Lord, for it was the day of our Corpus Christi Procession. We had combed the surrounding hills for flowers to strew along the pathways, and the harvest had yielded four basketfuls.



The Sisters and nurses were to take care of the singing and to carry the banners; the catechist, as usual, was to be Master of Ceremonies and to ring the bells; the regular altar boy was to be Thurifer and Sato-san was to hold the canopy over the Blessed Sacrament. Yes, like last year, we were one man short, and I would again this year have to ask Omura-san to carry the Cross. Yet it did not seem quite proper to have a non-Catholic as Cross Bearer, even though he performed the office with due respect and seeming devotion.

"This Year It Is Different"—

Omura-San is our handy man at the hospital, ever diligent and cheerful. He has always been rather taciturn on the subject of religion, although on two occasions recently I had seen him on his knees in Chapel.

It would perhaps be better, I thought, to have one of the young men from the neighboring parish come over and lead the Procession. I would ask Omura-san to do this errand for me.

In a few minutes he was at the door, in answer to my summons.

"Would you mind going over to the village and asking the Father to send over one of the young men to act as Cross Bearer in the Procession?" I requested.

"But, Father," he answered, "it means that I am not to carry the Cross this afternoon?"

"Well, I thought. . ." I started to explain, but he interrupted.

"Father, for three years I have carried the Cross in the Corpus Christi Procession, only because I was asked to, but this year it is different. This year it means everything."

"But why should it mean so much to you?" I asked, "you are not a Catholic."

Omura-san hesitated for a moment, and then told his story.

Simon, the Cross Bearer—

"No, Father, I am not a Catholic and neither am I worthy to be one, but some day I hope to be. A while ago, I read a story about the man who helped to carry the Cross of Jesus, up the slope of Calvary. He carried it because he was forced to, but on the way he learned to love the Man Whom he was helping, so that the Cross became not a burden but a joy, and he bore it willingly. Father, it seemed like the story of myself. Now you understand why it means so much to me, and may I carry the Cross this afternoon?"

"Yes, Omura-san."

"And, Father, may I wear a cassock?"

"You may."

"And, Father, when I am baptized, may I receive the name of Simon?"

"You may, indeed."

Omura-san's eyes were filled with joy, and lest I should see his emotion, he hastily withdrew and I could hear light footsteps on the walk outside.

Another man who carried the Cross had learned that its yoke was sweet and its burden light.

OVERHEARD AT THE JAPAN-KNOLLERS' CLERGY CONFERENCE

THREE were five of us in the old shack last night. We were rather crowded. In fact one of the goldfish died."

—*Father Whitlow.*

"I'm so busy I haven't even time to read *The Busy Pastor's Guide.*"

—*Father Briggs.*

"I'm very sorry, but God's laundry isn't done yet."

—*A reference to altar linens by Father Daly's sacristan.*

Columbus would never have been heard of if he hadn't gone to the foreign missions. But not everyone has the vocation. Napoleon, for instance, might better have stayed at home."

—*Father Witte.*

"Roosters are unpopular because they talk so much. Trappists get up even earlier, but they don't tell the whole world about it."

—*Father McKillop.*

"Anything you cook yourself always



A MODERN "FRANCIS XAVIER"
Francis Xavier Yokota, of Kyoto, is the first to be accepted as a candidate for the priesthood in the Maryknoll Japanese Mission

tastes all right."

—*Brother Clement.*

Our First Vocation to The Priesthood

FRANCIS XAVIER YOKOTA, of Kyoto, in the last year of a Catholic Middle School, whence he is well recommended, has been accepted as a candidate for the priesthood in the Maryknoll Mission.

As Maryknoll's sole purpose, like that of our revered "elder brothers" of the Paris Foreign

Missions, is to raise up a native clergy so that the Faith may more properly belong to a people, we pray that this "Francis Xavier" may persevere in his holy intent, and that he be followed by many more.

Particularly in Japan is the need of a native clergy an urgent one, and in the normal course no great progress of Christianity can be expected here until this need has been met.

"Pray ye therefore the Lord of the harvest, that He send forth laborers into His harvest field."

The Scots of Japan

THE tradesmen in the Maryknoll Mission are reputed throughout Japan as the canny and careful Scots of the Island Empire. Here is one they tell on themselves:

A certain storekeeper wanted to send a note to another, but could not waste good paper on it, so looked around for a white leaf, wrote his message thereon, and dispatched it by his servant.

The chap who got the message couldn't bear to think of replying on the other side. . . What a waste of good fuel! . . . so, said he to the messenger, "See here, haven't you got a clean place on your kimono?" found one; wrote his answer on that, and saved the leaf for a chilly day.

After living one year amid these good people, we are firmly convinced that this Scottish reputation, and the stories, are all just a bit of fun.

Without exception we have found the storekeepers and the farmers very reasonable indeed in their prices, imposing no tax whatever on the fact that we are foreign and American. The truth is that the "cost of living" here is about one half what it was in Tokyo, where for two years we attended a Japanese language school.

The Banner of Masuda Shiro



MASUDA'S BANNER, CAPTURED IN 1638 AT HARA CASTLE BY NABESHIMA DAIJEN, A SAMURAI OF THE SHOGUN'S ARMY, IS STILL CAREFULLY PRESERVED

Although during the centuries of persecution in Japan it was strictly forbidden to possess anything connected with the Catholic Religion, Masuda's banner escaped destruction. In 1672 a certificate was given to the grandson of Nabeshima Daijen, attesting that he was accorded the extraordinary privilege of possessing the banner, as a remembrance of his grandfather's distinguished services and valor during the Shimabara uprising



ASUDA SHIRO, long after little Kohei, his nephew, had left him, remained alone in his aerie at the summit of Hara castle, gazing out over the moat towards the mainland of sacred Nippon. He was tall, straight and lithe, with features both strongly and finely molded, and expressive dark eyes, just now alight with the reflection of the beauty which lay before them. It was April of the year 1638, and the hour of sunset.

Fair Nippon—

On three sides of the promontory where rose Hara castle, former stronghold of the Daimyos of Arima, the waters were a sea of gold and in a field of vivid green on the mainland a cherry tree was blooming.

*Yo ni furu wa
sara ni shigare no
Yodori kana!*

The world we pass through,
like a shelter from a shower,
Is; and then adieu!

—*Sogi* (1471)

The young man quoted the familiar lines with passionate sadness, and there rose in his memory images of the matchless beauty of other springs, cherry blossoms against the white splendor of Mount Fuji, cherry blossoms against the gold and vermilion of an ancient temple, cherry blossoms at his home in the islands of Amakusa, shedding their petals softly on Gratia's dusky hair.

Life was just beginning for him, he was not yet seventeen, and was it right that he should renounce its splendid promise, the proud victories of a feudal Daimyo (lord), springtime in Nippon, and Gratia of the delicate hands and gentle reserve? Could the Lord Jesus really demand such a cruel sacrifice? If this God of the foreign priests was truly good and merciful, how could this be? Must he sacrifice also the lives of his mother, his sister and his brother-in-law? Would it not be pos-

I ASK FAIR TREATMENT OF THE JAPANESE AS DUE

sible to surrender to Matsudaira, the commander of the Shogunal army, and yet remain a Christian in his heart?

A Young Leader—

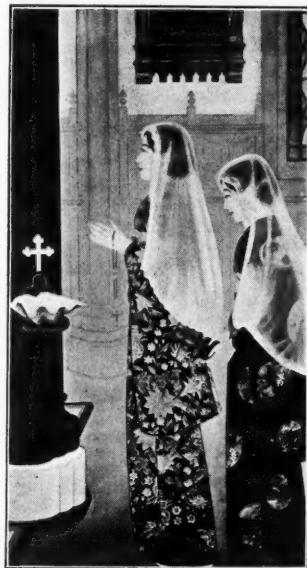
The anguished mind of the young nobleman reviewed once again the strange, crowded events of the past months. There had been in his native islands of Amakusa the cruel exactions of a tyrant ruler, the son of a Daimyo who had apostatized from the Christian Faith. The outraged populace rose against the tyrant, led in their revolt by several Christian noblemen. They were encouraged in this bold uprising by a partly successful revolt of a similar nature at Shimabara on the mainland, and by a false rumor of the death of the Shogun Iemitsu, relentless persecutor of the Christians. The Christian noblemen of Amakusa planned to overthrow the tyrant ruler and to establish in his place as Daimyo Masuda himself, a descendant of the renowned Arima family.

With proud courage Masuda had taken leave of his dear ones and led the insurgents to the principal citadel of the islands, where they had won a victory over the governor. Then the people of Shimabara sent a message from the mainland, asking the young chief to put himself at their head. This he did, bringing with him an army from the islands. Under his leadership the insurgents attacked Shimabara castle, which was about to fall into their hands when word came that the Shogunal army was only a few days' journey distant. Masuda and his followers then abandoned Shimabara and entrenched themselves in Hara castle, at a place about eight leagues distant. The ancient castle was in a ruined condition, but the insurgents raised the fallen walls, cleared the moats, and laid in as large a quantity of provisions as possible. They were joined by others, some of the rebels bringing with them their wives and children, until they numbered nearly 37,000.

The Lost Cause—

Since January they had manfully resisted the Shogunal army, in which were upwards of 100,000 warriors. There had been the added horror of bombardment by a Dutch ship, the

"*De Ruyf*", which had come to the aid of the Shogun's forces. But the insurgents' worst enemies had been famine and the failure of ammunitions. It was now evident that the valiant venture could not succeed. Matsudaira, the Shogun's general, had promised pardon to any non-Christians who would desert Hara castle, but he had made known that the Shogun had commanded him to slay all the Christians, even the little children.



Mijo Nakamura

"HE SAW HER ENTERING THE CHURCH AT AMAKUSA ON EASTER SUNDAY"

Masuda, however, he desired to save, on account of his youth and noble lineage, and he offered to pardon him if he surrendered the stronghold. He had brought to his camp Masuda's mother, sister, brother-in-law, and Kohei, his six year old nephew. Only now Kohei had come to him with Matsudaira's offer of pardon and a message from his mother, saying how much she longed to see her son again. Her letter had torn Masuda's heart.

"FRIENDS indeed" of the mission cause are those who secure new subscribers for *The Field Afar*. Get that new friend this month.

A Message From Gratia—

He picked it up to reread it and from its folds fell an enclosure, a tiny note. He opened it and a great rush of joy welled up in his soul as he saw the signature: *Gratia*.

"Masuda, my loved one," read the message, "I am giving this note to little Kohei and asking him to slip it to you. Remain faithful to the Lord Jesus, never abandon His banner which you carry. Then, whatever happens, we shall find each other and be together forever, in Him."

Blinding tears blurred the brush strokes of Gratia's letter, and another vision of the young girl presented itself to Masuda. He saw her entering the church at Amakusa on Easter Sunday a year ago. The white veil on her shining hair had not a greater purity than her sweet face and her small, graceful hands were joined in prayer. After the service she had given him a holy picture, an image of the Risen Savior.

It came vividly before the young man's eyes now. A majestic figure in radiant white, a face of ineffable beauty, and all about the dewy freshness and the fragrant blossoms of a supernal, breathtakingly vital spring. Masuda looked on the Face of Jesus and all the passionate loyalty which is the nobility of his race flamed up beyond the transitory shadows of earth to find in Everlasting Spring and Love Eternal its true and ultimate abode.

Spring Comes on Forever—

"Gratia, my poor one," said a young girl of Amakusa to her friend some days later, "it is terrible. Not one of the Christians at Hara escaped the slaughter. Masuda's banner has fallen into the hands of a non-believer, and now his severed head, together with those of his mother, his sister, his brother-in-law and over 3,000 insurgents, is exposed at Nagasaki. Before his dead eyes spring flowers wave and he cannot see them."

"Do not weep, Maria," answered the other maiden softly, "Masuda's banner is for all time glorious, he has laid down his life for it. And it matters not whether he see this earth's fleeting blossoms, his spring has come on forever."

What Holds The Heart In Fair Japan

By Father Clarence J. Witte, M.M., of Centerville, Ind., and Nippon



FROM THE EARLIEST DAYS THE POETS OF JAPAN HAVE SUNG THE "MATCHLESS BEAUTY" OF THE CHERRY BLOSSOM, NIPPON'S NATIONAL FLOWER



N oriental country can easily meet the demands of even the most chronic case of man's curiosity towards man. All peoples, of course, have their own ways of doing things, their own pleasures and pastimes, their own sense of humor, their own charms and superstitions.

Moreover, comparison is a relative thing: hence one should not be too ready to judge and pronounce sentence on the customs of a foreign people. The other half of the comparison may come

back with an even bigger and better laugh at what is foreign to them. Even so, there are many interesting facets to Japanese life.

Festival seasons over here are fixed times of the year, when people are in more or less of a holiday mood. It is manifestations of nature that engender this feeling to celebrate, for the Japanese are nature lovers *par excellence*.

"Flower and Moon Viewing"—

Foremost and best known of these festival seasons is "Cherry Blossom Time", in the month of April, when the whole nation goes on sight-seeing excursions. Special trains are run regularly, while trolley cars, busses, bicy-

cles and shank's mare—all contribute to the crowds. One is amazed at the multitudes who visit parks, shrines and celebrated places simply to view the national flower in bloom.

Favorite among all Japan's numerous and magnificent species of cherry trees are the *Yama-sakura*, the mountain cherries, found in abundance in wooded districts throughout the land. From the earliest days of Japanese literature many poems have been composed in praise of *Yama-sakura*.

*If the godlike soul,
the divine Nippon spirit,
you seek to know well,
gaze at that matchless beauty,
the blooming mountain cherry!*

—Motoöri (1730-1801)

IN THE FIELD OF WORLD POLICY I WOULD DEDICATE THIS NATION

Then there is "Moon Viewing". On certain fixed nights in August and September when the moon is full and at its brilliant best, thousands of families place tiny altars on the veranda, where the moonlight falls, and make offerings of food, fruits, flowers, and autumn grasses to the bewitching satellite. Poems are composed for the occasion, and appropriate stories are told in the light of the silvery moon.

"Insect Hearing"—

The poetic and sentimental pastime of "Insect Hearing" is usually held in late August and September, when the "seven grasses of autumn" are in full bloom.

Old and young gather in chosen spots in gardens and other places where the festival is held, carrying their insects in tiny cages, some of which come from gardens of individual homes, while others have been bought from a vendor especially for the ceremony of "Freeing the Insects".

Courtesies—

Japanese courtesy is proverbial the world over. Merely to mention a few instances of it:

Gifts are bestowed at the slightest provocation. When a house is first occupied a gift of macaroni is presented to the new neighbors of the occupant, to the neighbor on either side of the house and to the three opposite, making the lucky number five. The reason for this gift is found in the word "soba", which means "macaroni" and also "close by". By this gift friendly intercourse is sought with the new neighbors.

A gift of foodstuff is usually presented on a lacquered tray, covered with a silk cloth. Custom and courtesy demand that a sheet of special writing paper or a box of matches be placed on the tray when it is handed back. This is a survival of olden times, when these articles were of considerable value. The Japanese say, "only a beggar returns an empty tray".

In serving sliced foods a Japanese will never give one or three slices, because of a second meaning of the words "hito kire", one slice, and "mi kire", three slices. These words mean respectively "kill someone" and "kill me".

Two or four slices may be served, though the word "shi", four, means also "death" and is avoided as much as possible.

Topsy-Turvydom—

A foreigner often remarks that the Oriental does things backwards. To the Japanese foreign ways appear equally unaccountable.

Japanese books begin at the back. Footnotes are printed at the top of the



So beauteous is thy face, O autumn moon, I fain would gaze thereon the livelong night.—Teitoku

page. A full stop is put at the beginning of each paragraph. In addresses general details are put first, particulars afterwards, as if we were to write: U.S.A., Ohio, Cleveland, Front St. 165, McGillicuddy Mabel Miss.

The Japanese wear white for funerals and black for weddings. When in need of laundering the kimono is taken to pieces; then washed, starched, and put together again.

A child born on December 31st, as well as one born on any day of the year previous to that date, is regarded as two years old on January first. The second of a pair of twins is considered the elder. And babies' heads are shaved!

The Japanese deny themselves the

satisfaction of self-expression, and delight in understatements. When speaking of their own possessions they always belittle them as being of no special value. This rule extends even to the members of one's family. A man refers to his wife as "inside the house" or "my stupid wife" and to his son as "a good-for-nothing boy" or a "sucking pig", while members of another's household are spoken of in the highest terms.

Restraint—

When telling about the death of a parent, wife, child, or some near relative, a Japanese will take care not to show in his face the grief he feels; he may even smile. This custom arises not at all from callous indifference, but from a desire to suppress all signs of deep emotion or sorrow, lest one inflict a personal grief on another.

Though a rigid suppression of emotions is exercised, the emotion of grief is sometimes so strong that in spite of self-control of the highest quality tears will glisten in the eyes.

Poise—

The English language has many expletives—and they fill a useful function, but in Japanese there are no swear words, seeming to indicate that no provision is made for the expression of emotions of anger.

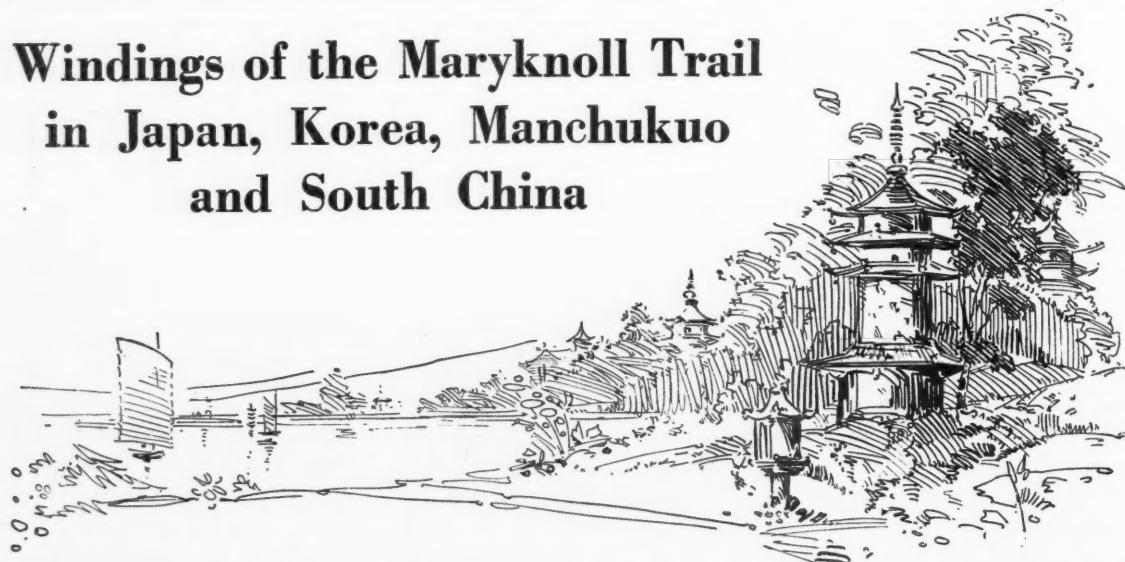
This suppression leads to a poise seldom found among the peoples of other countries. Tranquillity and absence of haste are its outward manifestations. The Japanese regard self-control as the highest of the virtues.

A Lovable People—

One might wonder if so many differences in manner of life and custom are not trying to one unused to them. Naturally, these things are all very interesting for a while, but when the novelty wears out they might be very trying were it not for one saving feature.

These externals captivate the eye and the interest, but one may tire of them. The Japanese people go deeper than that; they captivate the heart, and one does not tire of something one really loves. Pray that these lovable people may soon come to know and adore the God of Love, that we may all be one in Him who died for all.

Windings of the Maryknoll Trail in Japan, Korea, Manchukuo and South China



Headliner—

MN more ways than one is Father Byrne's *altar in pure Japanese style* (the subject of the frontispiece and of an editorial in this issue) worthy of note. More than half its cost was met by a Buddhist manufacturer of gunpowder, the patron of the non-Catholic Japanese shrine builder who constructed the altar.

When Father Byrne thanked this benefactor the manufacturer said, "It is a privilege to help build a temple where *Kami Sama* (God) will come to dwell." This Buddhist gentleman studied in France and he wears on his belt a buckle with a beautiful medallion of the Blessed Virgin, a remembrance of his stay in that country. The Buddhist press carried an account of Father Byrne's altar, praising it highly.

The Spell of Japan—

JAPAN has a unique charm," writes a Maryknoller in the Land of the Rising Sun, "its flowers, its art, its kimonos, its paper umbrellas,

its lanterns, its dolls—all have their attractiveness. But what appeals to me most is not so much the attractiveness of the country as the people themselves. Their charming disposition and friendly manner delight one."

Hikone, where Maryknoll's Father William Whitlow is encamped in his "castle rectory", is famous for two things—a prominent place in Japan's history; and an even more prominent place in Japan's Buddhism of today. The whole of Shiga county is strongly religious, and there are over 5,000 native shrines and temples with resident Buddhist and Shinto priests in the section allotted to Maryknoll.

Bows Replace Insults (Maryknoll-in-Korea)—

THE past decade has witnessed a remarkable change in the attitude towards the Catholic Church of the inhabitants of Chinnampo, a seaport in the southwest of Maryknoll-in-Korea. When our missionaries began work in that city they were derided in the streets as "foreign devils"; now they are met everywhere with respectful salutations.

The reason for this change, under God, may be discovered in the works of education and charity founded by Father Leo Sweeney and Father Pospichal. These include: a flourishing six grade government recognized school, a

four grade school for poorer children, a night school for the poorest of the poor, in which institutions there are some 1,700 pupils, a dispensary, and an old folks' home.

The old folks' home, in particular, has won recommendation from the highest public officials, and has received donations from non-Christians and native Protestants of Chinnampo, as well as from the local Catholics.

Greathearted Japanese of the Maryknoll Manchu Field—

AT the Maryknoll Japanese parish in Dairen the curate, Father Edmund Ryan, is having gratifying success with his Young Men's Club. What the parish needs is a permanent meeting place for the men, something attractive and homelike.

Dairen's Japanese parish is showing fine interest in the Maryknoll Manchu parish of the same city, and two of the leading Japanese Christians, Mr. Sato, a former Director of the South Manchukuo Railway, and Mr. Oka, head of Manchukuo's Technical College at Dairen, have given notable aid in arranging for a government grant of land for the new Manchu parish buildings and in supervising building operations.

Father Ryan writes, "Don't let anyone tell you the Japanese are stony-faced." Recently a number of the Jap-

anese little ones made their First Communion, their parents receiving with them, and Father Edmund saw many a tear in the eyes of the fathers and mothers.

**Wuchow Mission (South China)
Vacation Schools**

THE Wuchow Mission Prefect Apostolic, Monsignor Meyer, is

**A Kongmoon (South China)
Incident, the "Aspersion of Father Rauschenbach"**

MARYKNOLL'S new Superior General, for almost two decades the Shepherd of *Kongmoon*, will miss some of the more picturesque incidents of mission travel.

Some months ago Bishop James E. Walsh and Father Rauschenbach were anxious to make connections with a

off his feet by the sudden starting of the steamer, which at the same time turned over the sampan.

With more than episcopal haste the Bishop hustled to the captain, telling him to stop the ship, three people were overboard. The captain stopped the liner, but where were the people? Finally Father Rauschenbach's head was sighted.

When the danger was over the sam-



FATHER WILLIAM V. WHITLOW, OF NEW YORK, N. Y., AND MEMBERS OF HIS FLOCK AT HIKONE, JAPAN.
MANY OF THE TOWNSPEOPLE OF HIKONE HAVE LIVED FOR MORE OR LESS TIME IN AMERICA

planning a system of religious vacation schools modeled on the vacation schools of the Denver Diocese in the United States, where more than 6,000 Catholic children from Colorado's public schools receive religious instruction during the vacation months.

The Chinese Government is showing a marked tendency to make attendance at public schools compulsory, and it is becoming increasingly difficult to open and maintain regular mission schools. This makes it necessary to devise new ways of bringing instruction to the children in the missions.

West River liner. They commandeered a sampan, "manned" by a grandmother and her daughter, and rowed out to meet the steamer, the sampan's passengers wildly waving arms, handkerchiefs, and what not to attract the attention of the liner's captain. The ship appeared to stop and the Bishop lost no time in getting on. Turning to aid Father Rauschenbach, he was almost thrown

pau faines set up a great clamor, declaring that they had lost everything and must be recompensed for their priceless articles. So Bishop Walsh had to get off the liner and go ashore. Meanwhile a very efficient river-boat police squad appeared, bailed the water from the sampan, and revealed that the grandmother and her daughter had lost nothing but a pipe. The grandmother fixed the value of this cherished object at two dollars, and Bishop Walsh gave her three. Meanwhile, the liner was well on its way to Hong Kong.

**"STRINGLESS" GIFTS are
the most welcome at Maryknoll.**

GESTURES OF THE SAME BRAND. — CORDELL HULL.

Summer Memories Lengthen Into Autumn

HOMES in twenty-two States of the Union and two Provinces in Canada opened their doors in early August to welcome Maryknoll sons on vacation. Next of kin felt a glow of holy affection and pastors a sense of honorable pride, as they greeted the debonair young clerics whose vocations to the mission fields they had encouraged and aided.

Vacation weeks strengthen the ties of family affection, and, at the same time, the seminarian's loyalty to Maryknoll. The best of places may well go unappreciated by those who always see it at close range. "Distance", in this case also, "lends enchantment to the view." And an occasional enchanted view of things gives a mighty boost to enthusiasm.

Our Silver Anniversary Treasury—

FULL to overflowing is Maryknoll's Twenty-fifth Anniversary Treasury, not indeed with coin of the realm, but with currency quite immune from market fluctuations and valid in the courts of heaven. Priests, seminarians, religious, faculties and students of schools, academies and colleges, and the greathearted Catholic laity of this country of ours, have all been among the contributors, and their offerings are still coming in. We did a bit of figuring recently and found that these spiritual offerings totaled \$46,778, and that among them were 54,500 Masses celebrated or heard for the intentions of Maryknoll.

Among the Masses celebrated was a solemn Jubilee Mass in St. Mary's Cathedral, San Francisco, at which Archbishop Mitty presided and Monsignor Ramm spoke on *Maryknoll at Twenty-five*.

In September of 1911, when the Maryknoll co-Founders, Bishop

James Anthony Walsh and Father Thomas Frederick Price, had as yet neither coworkers nor roof-tree, these two men of great faith spent the major part of their little capital to launch a spiritual cam-



NOT ALL MARYKNOLL'S APOSTLES ARE IN FIELDS AFAR, AND THIS AUXILIARY BROTHER, SELFLESSLY GOING ABOUT HIS DAY'S WORK AT THE HOME KNOLL, SHARES WITH THE MISSIONERS "OVER THERE" THE MERIT OF WINNING SOULS TO CHRIST

aign, mailing circulars to enlist for the Maryknoll project the prayers of Catholic America.

**SPEND THE
October Holidays
10—11—12
at the
Maryknoll Sisters'
Bazaar
(Motherhouse, Ossining, N.Y.)
Japanese Tea—Chinese Dinner
DON'T MISS IT!
(Bus trips will be advertised
in the local papers.)**

Our Silver Anniversary Treasury is, a quarter of a century later, a magnificent response to our Founders' appeal for the solidarity of Catholic America in the Maryknoll venture for God and souls. Our thanks are quite inadequate, so we pray that Christ Himself may be the reward, exceeding great, of these our apostolic partners.

Retreat Days—

"*GOD alone!*" is the watchword that greets the visitor over the portal of an old abbey of contemplative monks. The missioner, as well as the cloistered monk, lives by the same single-minded ideal, but must forge his way through a series of distractions. The retreats which precede the reception of the various Orders, which open each school year, and continue annually throughout his priestly career, are designed to penetrate him deeply with the true meaning of his life.

Soon after his return from vacation, the seminarian puts aside all memories of the pleasant summer interlude with the homefolks and all plans for the coming year of study and preparation, to spend a week in drawing strength and refreshment from the fountain heads of prayer and meditation.

Memories of the Red Men—

THE Red Man had his day, though hardly a heyday, in the neighborhood of the present site of the Maryknoll Center. Here, as at San Juan Bautista, the young Mission Society sends down roots in a soil over which these children of the wilderness once roamed.

In both places the Indians have disappeared; but the old California Mission stands as a memorial of a happier era when the first Americans were still numerous and happy under the maternal care of Holy Mother Church, while on the Hudson shores there

is nothing now to remind us that the Sint-Sinc tribesmen once led their primitive lives in their village of Ossing-Sing.

WHEN the decision has been made to follow Christ, difficulties vanish; peace and contentment come into the soul.

The Sisterhood Grows

LAST June thirtieth, in our Sisters' Motherhouse, Maryknoll's Father Charles F. McCarthy presided at a profession and clothing ceremony during which nine novices made their first vows and seventeen postulants received the habit of the congregation. An address was given by Father Vic-

tor Suren, of St. Louis, Mo.

The Sisters who made their first vows are:

Sr. Rose Theophane Spencer, Rochester, Minn.; Sr. Maria Carmencita Gabriel, Manila, P. I.; Sr. M. Jeanette Nishimuta, Cushing, Okla.; Sr. Joseph Marian Mahoney, Bronx, New York City; Sr. Joan Marie Ryan, Bronx, New York City; Sr. M. Ignatia McNally, Manchester, N. H.; Sr. M. Julia Hannigan, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Sr. Virginia Therese Johnson, Brooklyn, N. Y.; and Sr. Agnes Regina Rafferty, Camden, W. Va.

Those who received the habit of the Maryknoll Sisters are:

Barbara Mersinger (Sr. Rose Victor), St. Louis, Mo.; M. Bernadette O'Connor (Sr. Maura Bernadette), Brooklyn, N. Y.; Victoria Larmour (Sr. Victoria Francis), New York, N.

Y.; Rose Anna Shanahan (Sr. Miriam Jogue), Pompey, N. Y.; Honor Mary Tansey (Sr. Ancilla Marie), Newark, N. J.; Margaret Bradley (Sr. Rose David), New York, N. Y.; Eleanor Flood (Sr. M. Alfred), Brooklyn, N. Y.; Eleanor Loftus (Sr. Rose de Lourdes), New York, N. Y.; Catherine Lawlor (Sr. M. Neri), Brooklyn, N. Y.; Alice Goularte (Sr. Alice Marie), San Juan Bautista, Calif.; Mary McCloskey (Sr. Magdalen Mary), Media, Pa.; Kathleen Wilde (Sr. Maura Kieran), Richmond Hill, L. I., N. Y.; Mary Ruggiero (Sr. Maria Natalis), Somerville, Mass.; Mary McGovern (Sr. Damian Marie), Elmhurst, L. I., N. Y.; Rita Doherty (Sr. M. Eucharia), Brooklyn, N. Y.; Bernice Gaspard (Sr. M. Joan), Minneapolis, Minn.; Cecilia Y. Yamagishi (Sr. Maria Talitha), Tokyo, Japan.



A PICNIC HALT ALONG A WOODED TRAIL

If you could listen in on the conversations of these Maryknoll seminarians, you would find that their hearts are set on another, far distant trail, the King's Highway which their elder brothers in Christ and Maryknoll are hewing out for their Lord in pagan wildernesses of the Orient

TO KNOW THEM. — FORUM AND CENTURY MAGAZINE.

A Congressional Masterpiece!!!

"AS I figger it out", says Senator Sorghum, "there's only one way to reduce that there number, and that is, to multiply it by three. Gentlemen, am I right?"

And the answers echo, "RIGHT!" Motion carried. Next!!!

In granting liberty to the Filipinos, and protection until they can "fly with their own wings", the United States has displayed practical and convincing proof of an idealism too seldom found in the conduct of nations.

At the same time, with the fatal inconsistency that seems normal to humankind, we maintain towards another Oriental nation a superiority complex that is an unwarranted insult, that hinders friendship and trade, and that has kept us for more than ten years vainly trying to hatch out the biggest Congressional goose egg ever laid.

O Theophilus, hast thou ever heard the beat of this . . . ?

To restrict Japanese immigration, Congress passes a special bill, in 1924. (Chinese had already been barred, in 1917.)

—Under the QUOTA, as applied to other nations, there would come into the United States 185 Japanese a year.

—Under this new Immigration Law, 632 come in every year.

What ho! Believing that 185 Japanese a year would upset the foundations of our great American institutions, Congress *reduces* this number to 632.

(These figures are from the immigration records, and corroborated by an extensive survey made by Stanford University.)

Here Senator Sorghum rises to protest, "If the 1924 law lets nearly three-and-a-half times as many Japanese into the country, why does Japan object to it?"

Theophilus, ask the Senator would he be beholden to his butcher for three-and-a-half times as much meat, if it were thrown in his face?

Japan has no objection whatsoever to the limitation, her sole protest is against the absolutely unwarranted "slap in the face" she received before the whole world.

Anyone can make a mistake. A gentleman will recognize it, and apologize. The boor tries to "bluff it out". In this case the gentlemanly thing, the



Asahi Photo

THIS YOUNG MAN IS NO PROFESSIONAL JUGGLER, BUT JUST AN ORDINARY DELIVERY BOY OF ONE OF TOKIO'S LARGE NOODLE SHOPS. THE NOODLES ARE DELIVERED READY TO EAT, PUT UP IN FLAT TRAYS OR IN COVERED BOWLS. AN EXPERT DELIVERY BOY CAN CARRY A LARGE NUMBER OF ORDERS AT ONCE, BALANCING THE LOFTY PILE OF TRAYS ON HIS SHOULDER WITH ONE HAND AS HE PEDALS THROUGH THE BUSY "TIMES SQUARE" OF TOKIO

sensible thing, is also the easiest thing —simply repeal the Immigration EXPANSION law of 1924, and let Japan, and for that matter China too, be on the QUOTA, like other nations.

The repeal would be the *amende honorable*

GOD is never outdone in generosity. Send a "Stringless" Gift to Maryknoll and God will do His share.

orable; and if Congress really and truly, honest to goodness, wants to restrict immigration, this QUOTA will reduce the present number of Japanese entrées from 632 to 185—and admit 105 Chinese.

Moreover, Theophilus, you might tell the Senator that under this QUOTA *no laborers of any kind would be admitted*, since no one at all could come in without the permission (visa) of the American consuls in the Orient.

And, just by way of dessert, Theo, tell him that in the last nine years 20,000 MORE Japanese have left the United States than have come into it.

This will reassure the Senators, and the representatives, the politicians and journalists, the labor unions, and the Army and Navy.

They are all so dreadfully afraid, Theophilus! Of course you know what I mean. They are really only *pretending* to be afraid. If they couldn't pretend, Theophilus, why where would their salaries come from? And the nice fat contracts? And the over-stuffed appropriations?

Wouldn't it be splendid, Theophilus, almost too good to be true, if there should be gentlemen in Congress with enough courage to admit a mistake was made in 1924; with sufficient good-sense to correct it; and with a degree of honor that would insure the both being done promptly and magnanimously!

"Justice between men or between nations can only be achieved through understanding and good will."

IN THANKSGIVING

SOME time ago I promised that, if God answered my prayers by granting me my petition, I would send ten dollars to the Maryknoll Missions. I am happy to state that my request was granted, and my offering is enclosed.—Buffalo, N. Y.

Please accept the enclosed offering which I promised to send if I would receive a raise. I would like to have it used for Father Joseph Sweeney's work among the lepers.—New Haven, Conn.

The Maryknoll Thank Offering



THESE TWO "RAYS OF THE RISING SUN" SHINE OFTEN ON THE MARYKNOLL CENTER HOUSE AT OTSU, JAPAN

TO our Catholic benefactors who value the Sacrifice of the Mass it will be a comforting encouragement to be reminded that all Maryknoll priests reserve and offer their Friday Mass *every week* for the benefactors of Maryknoll, and that among these we include THE FIELD AFAR subscribers.

At present these Masses run up to more than ten thousand yearly. This is the Maryknoll thank offering.

Our Twenty-fifth Anniversary Appeal, for the training of a convert on the mission field, brought noteworthy responses from benefactors in Wyoming, Ill., San Francisco, Calif., Rochester, N. Y., and Lowell, Mass.

Generous gifts for Maryknoll Missionaries of Japan, Manchukuo, and South China were received from Philadelphia, Pa., New York City, and Calumet City, Ill.

An offering for the education of a Native Seminarian in our Korean field



WHAT AND WHY

What do you think, Fred, the Maryknollers' most urgent need in Japan just now is a tuberculosis sanatorium?"

"Why is that, Tom? I was planning to send money for a stained glass chapel window."

"Hold on there, old top! Maybe without the work of mercy there'd be no worshipers in the chapel to admire your window. I guess the men at the front know best. Let's you and I do our bit by that sanatorium."

was made by a friend in Los Angeles, Calif.; and a notable gift for *Native Catechist* support came from another benefactor, this time in Newark, N. J.

Another hundred dollars was added to our *Native Clergy Daly Memorial Burse (reserved)*, by its founder in Portland, Ore.; and the *A. L. Native Clergy Burse (reserved)* was increased by two hundred.

The names of wise investors in New York City, Santa Barbara, Calif.; and Los Angeles, Calif., were added to our steadily lengthening list of *Maryknoll Annuitants*.

From Gloucester, Mass., came a heartening gift of the thrice welcome "Stringless" variety.

Maryknoll-in-Los Altos was generously remembered by a donor who preferred to remain unknown, and our *Cincinnati Preparatory College* benefited by the unfailing kindness of one of our late Superior General's closest friends.

From a priestly apostolic partner in Calumet City, Ill., Maryknoll received Stock and a *Life Insurance Policy*.

Six Wills matured in favor of Maryknoll recently, and we were named as beneficiaries in nine others.

ET LUX PERPETUA LUCEAT EIS
WE ask prayers for the repose of the souls of the following deceased friends of the mission cause:

Rt. Rev. Msgr. Joseph C. Straub; Rt. Rev. Msgr. J. H. Black; Rev. Joseph P. Vacek; Rev. Roger Furlong; Sister M. Ambrose Fay; Sister M. Agatha Mullen; Sister M. Madeline Mulcahy; Sister M. Emmanuel; Sister M. Philomena Redmond; Patrick McDonnell; Mrs. J. Quinlan; Mr. P. H. Sheehan; Joseph Riehl; Mrs. John J. Brennan; William Grady; Mrs. Dawson; Edward F. Callan; Catherine Collins; Kathleen Gorman; Mrs. Weingartner; Patrick Bohan; Mr. Harrigan; Daniel Norwood; Dr. Frank Garvey; Hugh Deery; Mr. Palumbo; James Healey; Julia Moynihan; Mrs. Patrick

AS PRIDE, NATIONAL HONOR, AND THE LIKE. — WALLACE M. ALEXANDER.



Sponsor a Maryknoller

MARYKNOLL missioners in the Orient are fulfilling Our Lord's command to baptize all nations by winning over 5,000 adult converts annually, in Japan, Korea, Manchukuo, and South China.

If you would have some part in this extension of the Kingdom of God, sponsor a Maryknoll apostle, for as many days as you are able.

It costs only a dollar a day to sustain one of our overseas missioners.

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The Maryknoll Play Library

THE *Maryknoll Play Library* will be opened this month. Among the plays listed in our new catalogue are several for boys

and young men by Bishop James E. Walsh, formerly Vicar Apostolic of the Kongmoon Maryknoll, South China, and now our Society's second Superior General. These are One Act plays, based on the *Life of St. Francis Xavier*.

From another corner of the Far East, Father John C. Murrett, M.M., whose *Christmas Plays* received such enthusiastic welcome, plans to supplement our library occasionally when he can spare a few minutes from his exacting pastoral duties in Manchukuo.

"*Flower of the Iroquois*", a play based on the life of the saintly Mohawk Maid, Kateri Tekakwitha, will be found adaptable for

YOU can reduce our expenses and strengthen the mission cause by renewing before you are billed.

high schools or college groups. The cast is mixed, and any number of "extras" may be added. A descriptive director's, music, and costume supplement is included with the play.

A La Masque, written especially for sodalities, deals with the vocational problem, particularly in its relation to medical missions.

For further information write for our descriptive catalogue, addressing all requests to: *The Maryknoll Play Library, Maryknoll, New York*.

PERPETUAL ASSOCIATES

Living: Reverend Friend, 1; C. G.; B. W. & Relatives; Mrs. A. S. & Relatives; E. & L. S. & Relatives; F. J. T. & Relatives; S. T.; A. C.; A. M. C.; R. A. C.; M. & L. B.; M. V. L. & Relatives; M. E. McI. & Relatives; W. E. C.; M. A. & W. J. S.; J. F. & J. M.; J. & J. W.; T. H. & L. C. J.; A. & C. R.; M. A. D. & Relatives; M. B. & Relatives; J. M. C. & Relatives; J. J. McD. & Relatives; P. H. P. & Relatives; J. A. K. & Relatives; Relatives of M. B.; M. E. & Relatives; J. E. O'C. & Relatives; M. E. H. & Relatives; E. C. McD. & Relatives; E. P. K. & Relatives; Relatives of E. F.; Mr. & Mrs. W. J. R. & Relatives; Relatives of T. A. J. D.; M. J. F. & Relatives; A. A. & Relatives; Mrs. C. M. & Relatives; N. S. & Relatives; M. E. C. & Relatives; C. M. McG. & Relatives; Mr. & Mrs. F. B. & Relatives; Mrs. J. J. C. & Relatives; Relatives of H. P.; G. R. S. & Relatives; A. T. M. & Relatives; Mrs. J. H. R. & Relatives; Relatives of A. C.; K. F. & Relatives; H. B. & Relatives; B. T. & Relatives; J. G. McG. & Relatives; P. M.; L. F.; G. B. & Relatives; M. J. W. & Relatives; K. M. & Relatives.

Deceased: Reverend Friend, 1; Charles Simonin; James T. Welsh; Julia Eckert; Jeffery Richards; Margaret M. Carolan; John B. Higgins; Thomas Conley; Mary Conley; Henry J. Conley; Catherine McDonald; Clotilda Longinotti; James & Mary Fitzgerald; James & Maria McNally; Relatives of Thomas A. J. Dockweiler; Jane Carty; Thomas Carrigan.

ALL NATIONS SHALL COME AND SHALL ADORE IN THY SIGHT. — APOC. 15.4.

Little Fan-Tan

"I'm hiding in this Puzzle,
Find me if you can!"

Who are you?

"I'm little Fan-Tan!"

Oh, how shall I ever discover you?

"You'll find that a crayon, colored
pencil will do!"

But *how* do you look? And *what*
do you wear?

"A parasol, kimona and pompadored
hair!"

About what size, what kind of
shoe?

"Tsk! Tsk! Tsk! This will *never*
do!"

Find out for yourself—there's a
PRIZE for *you!*"

But *what* are you doing; just
standing there?

Or are you on your way to a Jap-
anese Fair?

"From Buddha's shrine to the
Cross I go—

There are pleasant stops on the
way, I know."

But *how* will you get there, what
must *I* do

If *I* should offer to go with *you*?

"The path is short and it's pebbled
with *words*—

If you *spell* them out, we'll be
swift as birds

To reach the place that's marked
with a *Sign*—

Just separate the words—'bout
forty in the line.

I'm *waiting* in the Puzzle,
Trace me if you can!

I told you at the start—
I'm Little Fan-Tan!"



Date.....

Dear Father Chin—

I found Little Fan-Tan! And I went with her along
the pathway of words beginning with **Buddha** and end-
ing with **Christ**. The words I spelled out are:.....

.....
.....
.....

May I please help other little Fan-Tans find their
way to Christ by joining your little-missioners-at-home,
the MARYKNOLL JUNIORS? I promise to "Pray and
work for conversions."

My Name

My Address

My Age

My School

Send this puzzle blank to *Father Chin, Maryknoll, N. Y.*, and be enrolled as a
MARYKNOLL JUNIOR. Father Chin's JUNIORS receive *The Maryknoll
Junior* each month FREE.

Observations In The Orient

*An account of his first journey to the Far East by the late
Superior General of Maryknoll, Bishop James Anthony Walsh*

"The book without a dry paragraph"



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—*A Boston Lawyer.*

I received the book last week, and was so fascinated that I scarcely stopped reading until I finished it.

—*A Philadelphia Physician.*

Some of us would see nothing, no matter how far afield we wandered, but others can see something worth telling if they walk a block. This book should be in the hands of every priest.

—*A San Francisco Pastor.*

I do not exaggerate when I say this volume is so fascinating in its human appeal (quite aside from its religious value) that no one can begin its perusal without completing it.

—*A New York Judge.*

XXXIII Eucharistic Congress *Cruise*

January 10, 1937
S.S. President Jefferson
from Seattle

No other way that you might travel to the Eucharistic Congress at Manila offers so much pleasure for so very little money than this special Cruise of the popular S. S. President Jefferson, from Seattle.

First you will visit Victoria, B. C., and then, almost before you can believe it, you'll step down from your ship into Japan! Following Yokohama and Kobe, you'll see China's Shanghai and Hongkong . . . arriving at Manila February 2 for the opening of the Congress.

Choice of Routes Returning

Leaving Manila February 8 the main Cruise returns home via China, Japan and Hawaii, arriving in Seattle March 7. Or you may leave S.S. President Jefferson at Shanghai, journey overland through north China (via Peiping), Manchukuo and Korea into Japan, then sailing for Seattle on S.S. President Grant . . . arriving March 17.

For the main Cruise complete fares are from \$737 First Class, \$477 Tourist; with the Optional Tour, from \$999 First Class, \$739 Tourist. And these include not only your outside stateroom and splendid meals and entertainment aboard ship but also a complete shore program: hotels, sightseeing, local transportation, guides, etc.

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THE SHORT ROUTE TO THE ORIENT

MARYKNOLL ASSOCIATES

EVERY Maryknoll Associate shares in the Masses and prayers of Maryknollers, wherever they may be.

If you are a subscriber to *The Field Afar*, you are—willy nilly—a Maryknoll Associate. This is our gift to you.

Without being a *Field Afar* subscriber, you may enroll yourself or another, living or dead, as a Maryknoll Associate.

It is a small offering—fifty cents yearly—that is expected of a Maryknoll Associate, but the affiliation is with a great movement, and the spiritual advantages are many.

[For each Maryknoll Associate, living or dead, a card is made out at the Center, and mailed to the sender of the name. This card will serve as a receipt, and as a reminder of the spiritual advantages.



"What, again? Didn't I just give each of you ten whole rin (a cent) to spend at the fair? No, no, you'll get nothing more out of me."

"It's to help the foreign priests you want something? Well, that's different. Why didn't you say so in the first place? I'd give my last rin to the Maryknoll Fathers—and their KAMI SAMA (God)."

GO EMPERESS

*to the XXXIII
International
Eucharistic Congress*



San Agustin, oldest church in the Philippines, begun in 1607.

Take the all-expense trip to the XXXIII International Eucharistic Congress to be held at Manila February 3 to 7, 1937. Sail January 9 from Vancouver or Victoria in Canada's Evergreen Playground on the *Empress of Japan*, speed queen of the Pacific. See Hawaii en route. This special tour includes attendance at the Congress, extensive visits to Far Eastern countries, and visits to many American foreign missions.

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Special facilities aboard all *Emperess* for the celebration of Holy Mass.

Booklets, information from YOUR AGENT or Canadian Pacific: New York, 344 Madison Ave.; Chicago, 71 E. Jackson Blvd.; San Francisco, 152 Geary St.; and 38 other cities in the United States and Canada.

Canadian Pacific

TO
MANILA

"The Children Sing In Far Japan"

—R. L. Stevenson



IN no country are children more dearly loved than in Japan. The most tender care is lavished on them and even the poorest parents will somehow manage to purchase a kite of heroic proportions for their boy and a colorful *obi* (the sash which girds the Japanese kimono) for their little daughter.

Happy laughter is never far from the lips of Nippon's boys and girls, and babies carried about on the backs of the elder children have a contented twinkle in their bright slits of eyes. Yet having so much, they are really "poor little rich ones"—they have never heard of the Child of Bethlehem and Nazareth.

Even a small offering will

Help Maryknoll-in-Japan

to make known to the lovable children of Cherry Blossom Land their Divine Playmate.

"As long as you did it to one of these my least brethren, you did it to Me."



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